# REFLEXIONS

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ON

# Impeaching and Impeachers:

ADDRESSED TO

## WARREN HASTINGS, Esq;

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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## Impeaching and Impeachers.

WHILE Faction ſleeps, nor loads our weary'd ears
With labour'd Sophiſtry, the toil of years;
While Burke awaits the awful conſequence,
And dire Impeachments languiſh in ſuſpence;
In this unruffled hour, permit the Muſe,
Who knows not Flatt'ry's intereſted views,
To hail thee, HASTINGS, with a friendly Lay,
And rouſe thy virtues to the grand Eſſay.

If needful ſuch a taſk—for who has known
What thy experience has not made its own?
Who, though he claim'd the pow'r of all the Nine,
Can add new firmneſs to a mind like thine?
Nurſt in the toils of Empire, thou haſt ſeen
Full oft the havock made by factious ſpleen,
Oft haſt thou felt, in party's ruling hour,
The cares that hover round the ſeat of pow'r,
And, not to thee unknown, the rival pride
Of Oppoſition pours its weighty tide.
All that can ſhake or can embroil a State,
Or thwart the Chief in action or Debate,
When Colleagues, preſſing for the envy'd chair,
Burn to engroſs what they might freely ſhare;
All that can tend to baffle or betray
The infant efforts of colonial ſway,
Fixt on th' unſettled Muſnud of Bengal,
Thou ſingly haſt engag'd,—and vanquiſh'd all.

For what impends, let ſacred Truth preſide,
Scan all thy acts and on the ſum decide,

The Ruler's failings with his virtues weigh,
And ev'ry paſſion lend its juſt allay;
(As not from this or that imperfect ſcrawl
We judge the man, but take him *all in all*;)
And, valuing ev'ry *brilliant* with its *flaw*,
From the whole maſs a gen'ral Balance draw.

Of Patriots, Gen'rals, Miniſters of State,
Some form a ſhort and random eſtimate:
In one department does their fav'rite ſhine;
Give him but Eloquence,—he's all divine.
Judg'd by this rule, his fame is roar'd aloud,
And tickles *purely* the aſtoniſh'd croud.
Thus many a party-chief emerg'd to fame,
And bore in peace the patriot's ſacred name;
Thus Burke and Sheridan firſt learn'd to pleaſe,
And ſhone quite Stars and Demi-Deities.
And, ſure if Eloquence were all requir'd
In thoſe who to the Nation's Helm aſpir'd,
If Attic Fire, hereditary Wit,
Could make the Senator for *Office* fit,

Adorn'd with all the brilliant and ſublime,
No pair like Burke and Sheridan could climb
To higheſt Poſts, and gain the voice of Fame,
Were breath of words alone to found a claim.
But words, alas! have unſubſtantial wings;
"A wit's a feather," as the Poet ſings.
'Tis not the Tar, who pipes with merrieſt glee,
Beſt wields the rudder on a ſtormy ſea;
Far other parts to form the Statesman go,
Than well wrought ſcenes or abſtract ſyſtems ſhew,
And flights of Fancy cold reception meet
In the unclaſſic air of Downing-ſtreet.

'Tis thus folks think who have been often bit
By Oppoſition Eloquence and Wit,
And who have ſeen full many a Patriot ſhine
Arch-Proteus of the miniſterial Line.

Burke's ſplendid ſallies (ſome time out of date)
His lofty flights and thunder of Debate
Whoever hears muſt certainly admire;
But cautious hearers now-a-days enquire

Does all this ſound of well-ſuſpended tongues
Come from the *heart* or only from the *lungs*?
Now when loud Stentor plays the warrior's part,
And ſtrength of lungs combines with ſtrength of heart,
We gaze;—but leave out courage, and to me
Old Æſop's Aſs were juſt as great as he.
See Waller, him whoſe ſplendid Fancy ſhone
In accents ſoft as Sachariſſa's Zone,
Recant and ſhake in * Cromwell's iron paw;
(A Nightingale beneath a Falcon's claw)
Cromwell! who ne'er, of all the Round-head Race,
Could make three periods fadge with decent pace.
For not ev'n Tully's eloquence implies
Or truth of heart or juſtneſs of emprize;
And he, whoſe angry perorations drown
The Houſe's hum and dare the Speaker's frown,
Who, ſpite of laughing, ſneezing, coughs, and hems,
Argues, arraigns, impeaches, and condemns;
Bleſt with a tongue diſtilling Attic honey,
Round periods, tropes, and—*not a rag of money*;

* The Author aſſumes here a poetical Licence, and will therefore be pardoned for not adhering ſtrictly to hiſtorical Truth.

Whoſe

Whoſe happy Figures charm earth, ſea, and ſky,
May prove, when *In*, as mere a Putt as I.

Not ſo the man, to whoſe approved hand
Are giv'n the enſigns of ſupreme command,
Sent forth to govern, in the diſtant Eaſt,
A Province to an Empire's ſize increaſt.
Some parts more ſolid than the mere diſplay
Of Language fit him for the arduous ſway;
Some ampler and more univerſal Pow'rs,
With new reſource to meet the dubious hours
Of war and tumult, and the ills that wait
On laws unſettled, in an infant State.

But ſay, O Muſe, for thou canſt ſurely tell,
Were Burke the man to whom th' allotment fell,
On t'other ſide of this terreſtrial ball,
To wield the Britiſh ſceptre in Bengal,
A wide extended region to control,
Of varying tribes, a diſunited whole,
Confin'd by Ganges and the Shore extreme
Of Burrumpooter *; heav'n-deſcended ſtream;

* According to Mr. Rennell, the name of this River is ſaid to be written in the Shanſcrit Language *Brahma-pootar*, which ſignifies the Son of *Brahma*. See Memoir of a Map of Indoſtan.

Say,

Say, were he fixt upon the awful ſeat
Whence Britain views Indoſtan at her feet,
His floods of Eloquence all vainly pour'd,
And croſs'd himſelf and thwarted by *the Board*,
New Wars, new Int'reſts riſing, Say, O Muſe,
How would he fadge amongſt thoſe ſly Gentoos?
Alas! poor Edmund! that diſaſt'rous hour
When thou ſhould'ſt graſp at Oriental pow'r,
Yok'd in with mates, perhaps, of ſtubborn mould,
Too ſhy t' adviſe, too ſtrong to be control'd,
Not gifted with the ready tear—like thee—
Nor perfect milkſops of humanity;
That hour, the laſt poor remnant of thy fame,
Were blotch'd for aye with obloquy and ſhame.
For, truſt me, when ſome folks are ſet to ride,
Sad *Gilpiniſh* miſhaps, perforce, betide
The luckleſs Nimrod, and ſtrange freaks attend
State Beggars *, when their Hobbies they aſcend.
Were Burke in India mounted once aright,
No vulgar feats would mark the wond'rous wight.

* See the old Adage, *Set a Beggar on horſeback*, &c.

Pay-Office Blunders were but Children's play
To what his new Nabobship would diſplay.
A copious tale his *Slaves* would have to tell
Of acts—and frolicks moſt delectable;
A tale for infant *Rajas* and their grannies,
And chat for brown *Begums* and *Mahrannies*;
Till the laſt act, when all would have their fill
And hiſs him home—along with Fox's Bill.

Therefore, O Edmund! make my counſel thine,
And pow'r, that dang'rous weapon, oh! reſign.
It ſuits not, Edmund, with thy giddy brain:
Oh! never be ev'n Paymaſter again.
Form'd, like the Ape, to mimic, not to act,
Retain thy chatter, whilſt thou'rt firmly back'd.
If Fortune ever turns at all, at all,
And Fox comes in,—who knows?—the ſky may fall;
Be wiſe, my friend, and let thy choice mature,
Pitch on ſome ſnug and quiet ſinecure,
Where thou may'ſt buzz without the pow'r to ſting,
And ſcribble ev'ry day ſome *choice good thing*.
Thy Eloquence will keep thee from the ſhelf;
But never dream of bearing rule thyſelf.

Be thou content to hang on thoſe that rule,
A canting, blubb'ring, hypocritic tool.
And when Fox, thumping, knocks the Queſtion down,
And darkens day with his Olympian frown,
Be thine, meek ſoul, like Baby in the Play,
As he commands, to ſnivel and * cry aye.

The fate of ſublunary things how ſtrange!
And Patriots, ah! how liable to change!
Who but would wonder, on ſome future day,
To ſee Burke ſit with Haſtings at the play?
Or Sheridan, the doughtieſt of his foes,
In Haſtings' ear hide † half his powder'd noſe?
Yet things as ſtrange, we ſee, have come to paſs:
Haſtings is now no more than Guildford was,
The ſaddeſt, vileſt, wickedeſt of men,
And may no doubt, like him, come round again.
Purg'd of his ſins, he may, like him, be thought
A very ſaint, a Statesman without ſpot;
May wear his head undamag'd and *aſcend*
To be at laſt Burke's honourable friend.

* It ſtinted and ſaid Aye.——Nurſe. Romeo and Juliet. † Swift.

Hence

Hence when we hear ſome uninformed clown
Demand, for inſtance, of his friend in town,
Did Fox hate North when, years ſucceeding years,
With keen invective he regal'd his ears?
The anſwer's plain; "We're grown a milder age,
"And *meaſures* now not *men* provoke our rage."
Thus when America was fairly loſt,
And millions ſquander'd at the nation's coſt,
Though Fox and Burke oft rear'd the headſman's ſteel
To chop his head off and *to play the De'il*,
Lord North (the *meaſure* being done away)
Came forth immaculate and clear as day;
Quite purg'd from blemiſh,—in the ſpotleſs dreſs
Of Innocence—and fit to coaleſce.
His contact once * infectious and impure
Had virtue in it now to heal and cure;
And even Charley, who had ſuffer'd much
By the *King's evil*, tried his balmy touch.
Now, like a Serpent that has caſt his ſlough,
Titled afreſh he makes his Levee bow,

* See the Speech of an Honourable Member of the Houſe of Commons, who declared that he would not truſt himſelf in the ſame room with Lord North.

And,

And, ſurfeited with *honourable* gains,
Wears the Moſt Noble Garter for his pains.

'Tis thus with Haſtings; when impeaching ends,
End as it will, may Burke and he be friends.
Nought that affects the *man* will ſtop the way,
And, pleaſe to mark, the *meaſure's* done away.
—In ſhort, who now is ſuch a muliſh tyke,
So ſtarcht in point of liking or diſlike,
As not t' explain, relax, or qualify
When Patriots veer and Faction's tide runs dry?
We are not made of marble;—Heav'n forbid!
And Fox himſelf likes Pitt,—*ſecundum quid.*

Excuſe, O Haſtings, that in fiction's ſtyle
I have bely'd thy principles awhile,
And painted thee a friend to Fox and Burke,
Conſcious thy heart diſdains their dirty work;
Convinc'd that thou wilt ne'er (in league with them)
Oppoſe by rule and by the lump condemn;
Seek ev'ry quirk, evaſion, trick, and flaw,
To make right wrong, and foul the ſource of Law,

And fir'd with Paſſions of ignoble hue
Make Reaſon pander to the odious crew.
Heavens! ſhall man's nobleſt faculty deſcend
Diſhonour'd and to ſcoundrel paſſions bend?
His deathleſs portion of th' eternal mind,
Slave for affections of groſs earthly kind?
For Envy prowl, to mean Ambition kneel,
Stab for Revenge, for lordid Av'rice ſteal?
What though the Miniſter, whoe'er he be,
Ev'n ſlander owns from modern vices free;
Though with ſtrict honour arm'd and virtuous pride,
He ſtudies life but on the better ſide,
And therefore knows not, when the Aces flinch,
The *Privilege* to ſwindle at a pinch;
What though, in act a ſinking ſtate to aid,
And heal thoſe wounds which blund'ring Quacks have made,
His honeſt Zeal to ſave the Patient's life
Home to the ulcer ſends his faithful knife,
Yet t'other ſide the gen'ral cenſure throws,
And, right or wrong, Fox *riſes to oppoſe.*

Why, ſo he ſhould, the half-taught mob will cry,
Statesmen *muſt* be oppos'd;—becauſe as why.
Hence Fox, without one principle to boaſt
But what in Coalition Gulf was loſt,
(When his frail Bark of Popularity
Sail'd too far NORTH and founder'd out at ſea)
Damn'd to the ſhame of undeſerv'd ſupport,
Sees bubbled Pr—ſs croud to form his court:
Hence Oppoſition, grown a modiſh Dame,
Stampt with Reſpect by many a noble name,
Has even fall'n to Indis's burning coaſt,
And Francis leads her on,—himſelf an hoſt.

O mighty Francis! how ſhall I proclaim
Thy great deſervings at the hands of fame?
Thou who for years didſt make ſo ſtout a coil
To baffle Haſtings in his arduous toil;
Thou who didſt call him to the field of fight
With point and edge to do thy reaſons right;
O mighty Francis, with what new-form'd verſe
Shall I the ſplendor of thy deeds rehearſe?

Thy *great revenge had ſtomach* to devour
Poor Haſtings at a ſnap;—but lack'd the pow'r.
Forearm'd and ſharpen'd in the legal ſtrife
With ev'ry paſſion hoſtile to his life,
Couldſt thou, O Francis, partial at the beſt,
Sit the accuſer of thy Foe profeſt?
Come then with knife and ſcales, exact thy due,
Come on, thou Shylock of th' impeaching crew.
Let this one action more, through ev'ry clime,
Enſure thy infamy to endleſs time.
Haſtings, (no tim'rous ſurprizing Hind,)
Unveil'd the ſhuffling Liar to Mankind;
But thou, a willing Candidate for Shame,
Haſt ſtampt Aſſaſſin on the hateful Name.

FINIS.